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MEXICO

Preview

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Until January 10, 1959. — Musco de Arte Moderno, Palace of Fine Arts, Huge international exhibition of contemporary art. (See Art).

November 1 and 2 — Day of the Dead celebrations in every sector of Mexico (see Fiestas and Spectacles), and presentation of Don Juan Tenorio in many of the capital's theatres and vaudeville houses (See Theater).

First Week of November — Formal bull season scheduled to open. (see Sports, and check newspapers for date).

November 20 — Anniversary of Mexican Revolution. National holiday commemorated by fairs, sporting events, and fireworks. In the Federal District the traditional sports parade of Mexican Youth organization and the 20th of November handicap at the Hipódromo. (see Sports).



November 20 — San Juan de los Lagos, Jalisco. Fair dedicated to the Virgen de San Juan. Thousands of pilgrims journey to this village to fulfill vows for favors received (see Fiestas and Spectacles).

Information for this column is a little sparse this month due to the fact that most activities in the capital have been postponed or suspended until after President-elect Adolfo López Mateos takes office on December 1st.

WHAT TO SEE, WHERE TO GO IN

november

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NOVEMBER climate

CITY	TEMP. (°F.)	RAIN (Inches)
Acapulco	81	1.2
Cuernavaca	67	0.3
Guadalajara	61	0.8
Mérida	79	4.0
México	56	0.6
Monterrey	63	1.0
Oaxaca	65	0.3
Puebla	58	0.3
Taxco	68	0.2
Tehuantepec	67	1.5
Veracruz	74	3.5

fiestas & spectacles

November 1-2. All Saints' and All Souls' Days.

The dead have their day throughout Mexico when the living host a graveside party that combines both pagan and Christian creeds. The most interesting celebrations occur in the following provinces:

Island of Janitzio, Lake Pátzcuaro, Michoacán. Relatives of the departed unite at the cemetery shortly before midnight of the 1st with offerings of food, drink and flowers. The lighting of many candles and torches produces an impressive sight that lasts until dawn.

Comitán, Chiapas. Gifts of cooked fruit are placed on the church altars so that the souls of the dead can begin to feast. Meanwhile the still present sacrifice a steer which they eat during the two-day celebration accompanied by incessant music, firecrackers and drink.

Yecapixtla, Morelos. The most important market day of the year is held on November 1, and features Day of the Dead art and food.

November 3-12. San Martín Texmelucan, Puebla. Regional fair in honor of the patron saint, Saint Martin. This village is famed for its beautiful *serapes* and woolens.

November 11. San Martín de las Pirámides. Fair, *jaripeos*, horse racing, cockfights, bullfights,

etc., for Saint Martin. The music produced by the primitive drum and oboe is a feature here as well as Indian dances.

November 13. San Diego de la Unión, Guanajuato. Fiesta for this region's patron saint. Sporting events, *serenatas*, and parades.

November 20. Anniversary of Mexico's Revolution. A national holiday—celebrated all over the republic and in the Federal District by the traditional Sports Parade of Mexican youth organizations.

San Juan de los Lagos, Jalisco. Animated homage lasting one month to the famed Virgin of this village who is said to grant miracles. A different feature of this celebration is the bartering for horses, mules, leather, and other articles pertaining to *charros*.

Ciudad Chetumal, Quintana Roo. Industrial and agricultural fair. Lasts until the end of the month.

November 25. Pátzcuaro, Michoacan. Traditional fiesta to the Virgen de la Soledad which continues until December 16. Religious functions alternate with boat races on the lake. Also regional dances, bullfights, cockfights and games of chance, fiestas and spectacles.

November 30. Atotonilco, Jalisco. A get-together honoring San Andrés, lasting until December 15. This village is renowned for its cultivation of oranges and other fruits.

art

Museo de Arte Moderno, Palace of Fine Arts. The new modern art section at the Fine Arts Palace is devoted to an enormous exhibition of contemporary art from various countries. 50 color engravings from the National Gallery in Washington; works by 149 French painters and 20 sculptors; paintings by the Chinese artist, Wang Chi Yuang; 19 contemporary Japanese paintings; works from major collections in Rome, San Paulo and Caracas. Outstanding Mexican artists and sculptors are also on exhibit, as well as photographs by Nacho López and modern silver work by Antonio Pineda of Taxco.

Galería de Arte Mexicana, Milán 18. Paintings by Enrique Climent; opening of exhibit of Castro Pacheca's works on Nov. 22.

Galería Antonio Souza, Génova 61, 2nd floor. Paintings by the Danish artist, Hans Meyer.

Galería Proteo, Génova 99, 2nd floor. Exhibition of the latest works of Ximenez Botey.

Galería Diana, Reforma 489. Paintings by the American artist, Thea Ramsey, who is also a jewelry designer.

Galerías Excelsior, Reforma 18. Works by 24 women of various nationalities, including Leonora Carrington, Cordelia Urueta, Marisol Wörner Baz, Celia Calderón, Lola Cueto, Alice Rahon, Bridget Tichenor, Olga Costa, Corsica Cuprynska, Elvira Gascón, Valetta, Michelle Stuart and Aurora Reyes.

Galerías Pemex, Av. Juárez 89. Folklore art from Jalisco, comprising ceramics, weaving, wood, bone and glass works.

Jardín del Arte, Sullivan Park near Cuauhtemoc statue. Open air exhibitions of paintings by artists from the National Institute of Mexican Youth. Sunday mornings only.

Galería Diego Rivera, Ignacio Mariscal 118. Permanent exhibition of works by the late Diego Rivera.

Museo Nacional de Artes e Industrias Populares, Av. Juárez 44. Permanent exhibition of popular arts and crafts from the entire Republic of Mexico.

Museo de Arte Religioso, Guatemala 17. Colonial masterpieces of religious art from the Cathedral and other churches in Mexico.

Galería de Pintura y Escultura de San Carlos, Academia 22. Magnificent examples of ancient European art.

Central de Arte Moderno, Av. Juárez 4. Permanent exhibition of works by Rivera, Dr. Atl, Orozco Romero, Ignacio Beteta, etc., etc.

Mexican Northamerican Institute of Cultural Relations, Hamburgo 115. Exhibit of paintings by the American artist, Charles B. Rogers, specialist in western nature, opens Nov. 6. Works by Robert Mansfield on exhibit from Nov. 13.

theater

Don Juan Tenorio — Traditional Spanish play by José Zorrilla presented every year as part of the Day of the Dead festivities. It is played straight in the theaters, but burlesqued in the vaudeville houses. Consult the papers for times and places.

La Muerte de Danton — Historical drama of the French Revolution written by George Büchner and translated by Fernando Wagner. Produced by the German Embassy in collaboration with the National Institute of Fine Arts. Fernando Wagner also directs, and the cast includes Ignacio López Tarso, Sergio de Bustamante, Leonor Llausás and Aracelia Chavira. Opens November 12 for a limited run of fifteen days. Palace of Fine Arts. Daily at 8:30; Saturdays 7:15 and 9:45; Sundays 5 and 8 pm. 18-01-80. Check newspapers for possible schedule changes.

La Leña Está Verde — Premier of Celestine Goroitzia's modern interpretation of the Conquest of Mexico. Stars Isabela Corona, Carlos López Moctezuma and Miguel Córcega. Teatro del Bosque, back of the National Auditorium, on the Paseo de la Reforma. 20-43-31 and 20-90-16. Daily functions at 8:30 pm.; Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45; Sundays 5 and 8:30 p. m. Theater dark on Monday.

El Deseo — Fourth month running for the Jesus Cárdenas version of Desire Under the Elms. Maria Douglas has the starring role with production and direction by Xavier Rojas.

Presented in the round at Teatro del Grano, behind the National Auditorium on the Paseo. 20-43-31 and 20-90-16. Weekly except Mondays at 8:30; Saturdays 7:15 and 9:45; Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

Los Malditos — From November 4. A social drama spotlighting youth. Written by Wilberto Cantón and introducing a talented group of actors: Enrique Aguilar, Marta Patricia and Celia Manzano. Directed by Fernando Wagner. Teatro Juárez, Avenida Oaxaca 58, Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

Teatro Infantil — Special programs for children sponsored by the Unidad Artística in conjunction with Bellas Arts. Manuel Lozano and his World of Wonders will present the following program: Caperucita Roja, Noche de Reyes, El Gato con Botas, El Mago Fuchi, El Burro y El Concejero, and other favorites. Teatro Orientación, Recreo Infantil del Bosque in back of the National Auditorium. 20-90-12. Every day at 5 pm. All tickets 3 pesos.

Cada Quien Su Vida — November 7 opening. Author-Producer Luis G. Basurto brings his company of actors back to the capital after a successful tour of the Republic to present their 1000th performance dedicated to Mexico's President-elect. Teatro Fábregas, Donceles 24. 18-39-60. Twice daily at 7:30 and 10 pm.; Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

Blum — Argentine comedy by the late Enrique Santos Discépolo starring Juan Verdager, Uruguayan comedian. Produced and directed by Julio Porter. Sala Chopin, Insurgentes and Puebla. 11-98-17. Monday through Friday at 8:30; Saturdays 7:15 and 9:45; Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

Mi Marido Hoy Duerme En Casa — Original story by Abel Santa Cruz. Produced, directed and acted by Don Fernando Soler. Teatro de la Esfera, Avenida Ejército Nacional 862, Pasaje Cine Ariel. 20-97-85. Performances daily 7:15 and 9:45; Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

La Viuda Alegre — Franz Lehar's Merry Widow —starring Evangelina Elizondo. Directed by Rafael Banquells. Teatro Jorge Negrete, Artes and Altamirano. Daily 7:15 and 10; Sundays 5 and 8. 16-51-39.

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Tengo 17 Años — Juvenile comedy translated and directed by José de J. Aceves. Teatro Arcos Caracol, Avenida Chapultepec 409. 14-46-12. Daily 7:30 and 10, Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

Un Amante en la Ciudad — Italian play continues its successful run starring Lucy Gallardo and Rafael Banquells. Teatro del Múscico, Vallarta and Monumento a la Revolución. 46-88-09. 7:30 and 10 p. m. daily; Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

dance

November 1-2 — The current season of Spanish Dance closes with performances by the polished company of Manolo Caracol. Teatro Fábregas, Donceles 24. 18-39-60. Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45; Sundays 5 and 8 pm.

music

November 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 and 9. The Chamber Orchestra of Milán presents concerts each of these nights at 9 pm. Palace of Fine Arts.

November 7, 10 and 11. Recitals by the Chamber Orchestra of Stuttgart will be offered at the Palace of Fine Arts. 9 pm.

November 23-30. Organ auditions will be conducted by E. Power Biggs to inaugurate the organ now installed in the National Auditorium. Check newspapers for more details.

sports

Boxing — Saturdays at 8 p. m. functions are scheduled at the Arena México, Dr. Río de la Loza 94. Mondays and Wednesdays at 9 pm., fights are on tap at the Arena Coliseo, Perú 77.

Baseball — There will be no organized baseball at the Parque Deportivo del Seguro Social until the April opening of the Class AA Mexican League.

Football — The grid game, U.S. style, is played every weekend through November at University City Stadium and sometimes Olympia Stadium featuring elevens from Universidad, Politécnico and Academia Militar México. Universidad's defending national champions play, California Poly at University City Stadium, November 8; Pensacola Naval Air Station, November 15; and Texas A & I, November 22. Kick-off time is expected to be 4 pm. Check papers for dates and times of other games.

Frontón Metropolitano, Bahía de Todo Santos 190. Women players using racquets billed here. Functions Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at 5:15 pm. On Monday play gets going at 4:30 pm. There is no program Thursdays.

Frontón México — Matches every day except Monday. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, the card begins at 7:30 pm. On Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, first match time is 6 pm.

Soccer — University City Stadium. The 14 teams of the Major Soccer League compete on Sun-

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days at noon and sometimes on Wednesdays and Thursdays at night. On Sundays a preliminary is occasionally offered at 10 am.

Wrestling — Friday nights, at 8:30 pm., a wrestling program is on the agenda at the Arena Mexico. Wrestling is also offered at the Arena Coliseo, Sundays at 5 pm. and Tuesday at 8:30 pm.

horses

Hipódromo de las Américas — Racing Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays at one of the most modern tracks in North America. Post time is 2:15 pm. Pari-mutuel betting

machines available. The top event for the month is the November 20 Handicap, a seven and a half furlong competition for fillies and mares.

bullfights

El Toreo — At Cuatro Caminos. Bull fights programmed Sundays at 4:30 pm.

Plaza México — Avenida Insurgentes. A corrida every Sunday at 4 pm. Among those who will be in action this season are Luis (El Soldado) Castro, Fernando (El Callao) de los Reyes, Emilio Rodríguez, Rafael Rodríguez, Antonio Velázquez, Jorge (El Ranchero) Aguilar and Manuel Capetillo. *Novilladas* are carded every Thursday afternoon at 4:30.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN COMING MONTHS

New President — President-elect Adolfo López Mateos takes formal possession of the president's chair December 1 in a ceremony conducted before the Mexican Congress, foreign diplomats, and the public in general.

Virgin of Guadalupe — Mexico's beloved "dark virgin" has her birthday December 12, one of the most important days of the year for the faithful. Pilgrims form processions to the Basilica in order to sing the Virgin's *Las Mañanitas* at dawn.

Posadas — Christmas season opens on the 16th of December with nine days of *posadas*, traditional parties which recall the Holy Family's journey to Bethlehem.

Festival of the Radishes (Noche de Rábanos). Colorful festival in Oaxaca City, December 23, with parades and pre-Christmas pageantry.

Fair in Acapulco — One million people, or approximately fifty thousand per week, are expected to flock to Acapulco between December and next March for the Great Winter 1958-59 Fair. Products, models of development projects and of course Acapulco's own panorama of scenic beauty will be on display, to augment the already highly publicized spectacle of tourist hotels and resort facilities. The fairgrounds will be installed above the Costal Boulevard overlooking Hornos, the "Afternoon Beach." Stands and exhibits will feature primarily those products and types of equipment attaining a rising importance in Mexican social and industrial life with particular importance being placed on goods affecting life in Acapulco itself. It is expected that one fourth of the attendance will be from the United States.

Chalma Festival — January 1-7. Pilgrimages to Chalma, State of Mexico to seek favors from the image of the Christ of Chalma.

Blessing of Animals — On January 17, day of San Antonio de Abad, patron saint of domestic animals, people carry, lead or haul the family pets or livestock to the churches to be blessed.

Pablo Casals International Cello Contest. Sponsored by the Constitutional Government of the United Mexican States and Government of the State of Veracruz from January 19 to 27, 1959. Maestro Pablo Casals will offer a concert, and other activities include popular dances, ballet, choirs, choral recitals, symphonic concerts, an archaeological exposition and excursions.

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This Month *in Acapulco*

The pearl of the Pacific is invaded in the Fall by those most enthusiastic (and discriminating) of all tourists, the tourist agents, who are holding conventions south of the border as pre- and post-trips to their National Convention in New York. Tag along with the travel agents and you're sure to have the most fun holiday of your life.

As soon as the travel people are out of the way, Acapulco will start laying out the red searapes and rose petals for visitors attending the Great Fair, but we'll save the details of that event for next month, as the Fair officially opens in December.

The airline companies are slating big things for Acapulco in the next few months. What it means to the traveler is direct routing, with Los Angeles being the first kick-off point.

On autumn dress in Acapulco: Nights (and in this whirlwind den of fun and frolic they last all through the darkened hours and then some) tend to carry a whiff of winter, so a sweater or light shawl is recommended. But sun dresses, Jamaica—or Bermuda length shorts, and frilly cottons are still the byword. No ties, no suits, no gloves allowed, and if you wear a hat make sure it's one of those rany straw jobs—the goofier the better.

Travelers arriving in Acapulco on an impromptu rather than scheduled visit, and wishing to avoid the hotels, motels and guided tours may seek lodging in the European-like "pensiones" that cover the hillsides. These are rooms, often tucked into the back of private homes—some are full apartments, others are merely the most casual excuse for habitation—and most of them are clean, cozy, and pleasant. Usually they rent on the Continental Plan, which includes breakfast. Most of them are not listed with the travel agents, but must be ferreted out by trial and error. Rooming houses and pensiones are especially desirable in November, as the resort port starts filling up for the winter season and more conventional or luxurious quarters are simply unavailable unless reservations are made well in advance. Your best bet is a visit to the corner travel counselor.

A hint to the artistically inclined: Acapulco in November offers glorious changes of light and shadow, extravagant displays of both garden and wild flowers, spectacular insights into the erratic personality of the sea. MTM heartily suggests taking paints or typewriter along if you are inclined to try to capture the artistic nuances of Acapulco's languorous, tropical, and tempestuous temperament.

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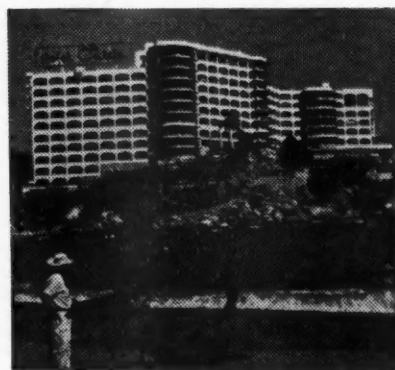
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QUESADA 1

From our readers

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME

I'd love to go walking barefoot in the sand with the artist who puts the little black foot prints after "Our Own Directory". Seriously, though, I'd enjoy meeting any of the staff that puts out a magazine that pleases me so much.

Mary Jane Van Natta
(Mrs. T. F. Van Natta)
New York City, New York

The footprints are borrowed from an ancient Aztec codex and indicated travel. If we find any recent footprints we'll tip you off.

THE WINNERS?

In the June, 1957 issue of your magazine you described the railroad to Yucatan, but last month a friend and I decided to investigate possibilities for motoring to Mérida from Mexico City.

We searched Mexico City for information, and all sources assured us such a trip was impossible, but upon careful questioning didn't really know why not, so we decided to give it a try on our own. What an adventure we had, and we did it too! Hard-packed beaches and jungle roads provided mud and fun plus untouched scenery. If any of your readers would like details they may write to me and I'll try to be of assistance.

My friend and I believe we are the first two women to drive a passenger car (Volkswagen) from Mexico City to Mérida. Are we right?

Sarah Elizabeth Hasting
St. Louis 12, Missouri

As far as we know you are unchallenged.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

For some time now I've been aware that life hasn't been complete. There's been a lack, alas.

I've just found the reason — Mexico This Month hasn't been arriving.

This is indeed a grievous state of affairs. Perhaps my subscription has expired, although this seems doubtful in mid-year, and I don't recall receiving any notice of such an unhappy event.

Will you please check into this and let me know what is necessary to get back on the

approved list to receive your novel and joyful magazine?

If it's money you want, girl, just speak up. You won't be the first.

Kenneth R. Waughop
Metamora, Illinois,

AFICIONADO

When I received my first issue of Mexico this Month for August, you asked where did I find this magazine.

While visiting Mexico last year for the novillada season, I became acquainted with the magazine at the home where I was staying.

Your magazine is very unique. I am most interested in news about bullfights.

Charles L. Killmas, Sr.
Baltimore 12, Maryland.

Check October's issue for list of bullfighting books.

Vol. IV, No. 11, November 1958

MEXICO/

this month

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PHOTO CREDITS

All of the photos on page 9 are by Casasola; those on pages 10 and 11 are from the Museo de Arte Popular; p. 12, Mexicana de Aviación; p. 17, Georges Massart; p. 18, upper by Mayo, lower Doris Heydn; p. 19, upper by Doris Heydn, right, Mayo, lower by Mary St. Albans; p. 21, color photo by Soto Soria.

DENVER INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

This is to report that I first found your magazine in the Denver Public Library. You may be interested to know that Denver has recently formed an International House. Since many of the members are friends of Mexico, I'm sure that they would enjoy your magazine. I thoroughly enjoy it and wish you future success.

J. Joe Kennedy
Denver, Colorado

WE LOVE YOU

I have tried for quite some time to resist the siren call of MTM. However, my imminent return to college in Ohio leaves me faced with the rather dismal possibility of not seeing the magazine for nine months. Here on the Texas-Mexico border it is relatively easy to come across a copy, but I have some doubts concerning its accessibility in Ohio.

I shall dispense with further chit-chat, and tell you that my check for \$3.00 is enclosed, and I should like my subscription to begin with the September issue.

Kenyon College, Ohio.
Dan T. Cobb

Our Cover: The symbolism of the Huicholes becomes subject matter for staff artist Vladý. See pages 10, 21 for more details on this strange tribe.



This little hook (MTM's sign), swiped from the Aztec codices, means words, music, wind and waves.

person to person

This issue we've repeated our last year's November theme: the treasure map, updated, and the accompanying directory of ghosts. The way we're feeling these days, it looks positively neurotic to us, to be lashed to the typewriter, when it's obviously so simple just to wander forth and dig up the ducats. That's people for you.

In re ducats specifically, we got a lovely piece from John Ryan about *pieces of eight* (Remember Treasure Island) also known in the more solemn language of coin-col-

harder in others. Often foreigners, afflicted by wealth and power they never had before go off the deep end.

There was that efficiency expert from Chicago — remember Richie Davis' story in one of our early issues? — who poured the waffle-batter of the big-business restaurant he was overhauling — all over the floor, and snatched the basket of bread and tossed the fresh loaves in all directions.

The was before Equanil. Still, we heard later that our printer had handed the same buzz-



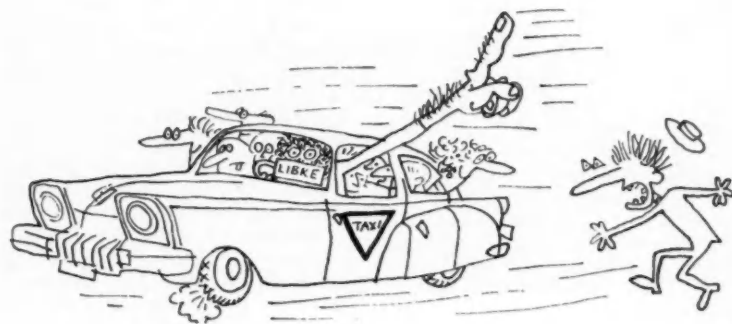
Since there is practically no limit to possible combinations of words, musical notes, and colors, we need not doubt that writers, musicians, and painters will produce something new for all generations to come. And since the population of producers is a growing one, the volume of their output is certain to become increasingly huge. Safe in our counting upon novelty and quantity in the future production of art, what about quality?

There can be no question that the quality of art has improved over the ages, and very much so on the average. Our admiration of the "classics" is always heightened by astonishment that they could have been accomplished so early, and not by the notion that they have not since been equalled or excelled. Although there are no visible boundaries to composition, there is certainly a limit to excellence of performance and this may already be closely approached. Once this limit is reached there can be no improvement in execution excepting as man himself improves, a process well known to be so slow as to be almost imperceptible. We can hope, of course, that a genius will appear now and then to set a new mark in excellence.

The prospect is for a more uniformly rich quality in art. We see the process readily in comparing the writing of the magazines of today with that published even a few years ago. And comparison between one periodical and another shows a more equal competence than formerly. When excellence as previously measured becomes the standard, art will be enjoyed more and more for its timelessness, but that will make the enjoyment of it more temporary. Even now, a book is acknowledged a great work, is a best seller for forty weeks, only thereafter to go out of print and out of mind. Future artists will be better appreciated in their lifetime, but it looks as if their reputations are going to be buried with their bodies.

We find the logic of this exposition provocative, but we wouldn't be caught hanging on a single thread of it.

ANGUS



lectors as *pesos duros*. This pirates' coin has stories and yet more stories to it, and the man who's done the most researching into same, is a Basque by the name of Sr. Alfredo Lagunilla Inárritu, now an employee of the Banco Nacional de Mexico. He knows so much and has so little time to pull it together and put it down that, being a suffering author too (with the Great Works shelved while the frioles are having to cook) we've started a search for a suitable Foundation to *refaccionar* Mr. Inárritu, this being the local verb for underwrite. If you know where we should write, please tell us.

The story of why we were late last month is so preposterous that it's worth telling you, only it really is so preposterous you'll have a hard time believing it.

Plain and simple, our erstwhile printer needed some dough, and so dreamed up some bills — no clearcut record of same — that he thought we owed him; demanding same or else, he'd stop the presses.

It took a solemn representative of the law to bring him down to earth, regarding his rights and powers, and to extract MTM, somewhat blurry by the stopping and starting of presses, from him. Yes, of course we changed printers, and if you have jumped to conclusions and figured it's Mexican printers who act this way, the answer is, they don't. This one was a foreigner, sort of carried away by the fact he's the only plant in town that does photogravure.

It's always been our theory that foreigners in Mexico are peculiarly subject to sudden attacks of feelings of grandeur and persecution. Maybe it's the altitude, maybe it's that things are so different here, at once much easier in many ways, and much, much

saw treatment we got, to most of the other steady customers, and that we were about the last aboard. Last we knew, they'd gone to work on the help.

Of preposterous stories, mostly pleasanter though, that float around here, H. Allen Smith has made what you could call a compendium, this being his brand new book: *The Pig in the Barbershop*. He dropped in to see us when he was here, and we told him a few. Everybody did. As a result it's one the funniest, and yet warmly charming, books ever written in mexicano, and will probably command a place on the shelf of Mexico classics next to Flandrau's immortal *Viva México!*

The guy in the driver's seat with his thumb up, or something like that, is the product of Bartoli's research on the modern problems of transportation we've run on page 23. We thought this would be a very suitable moment for it, honoring the American Association of Travel Agents' convention in New York early this month. Sort of a *vade mecum*, you might say.

The man on this page is what is known locally as a *pesero*, or *peso-man*, this being a spontaneous growth of jitney service to cope with a shortage of cabs. These boys are cab-drivers who make packages of passengers (as you can see in the picture) up and down the main boulevards. The ride: 8 cents.

There being no official recognition of this immensely useful and creative job (creative is the fifty cent word nowadays, no?) the boys have to make themselves known by holding a finger aloft out the window. Nobody but a Mexican could get in and out of this city's traffic in that position, but they do fine. Debonair is the word. And safe as houses.

News and Comment

prosit!

Maybe some mystic intuition prompted the Aztecs to name the present city of Orizaba "the place of the gay waters."

Intuition or sheer coincidence, the name has more than a passing connotation in Orizaba of the 20th Century. The little town in the state of Veracruz is industriously turning out record quantities of that gay water known as beer...more specifically, that beer known as Moctezuma (*Sol, Superior, Dos Equis*, and the even stouter *Tres Equis*). This brewery, one of Mexico's Big Three, is well launched on a current program to double its output, possibly with an eye to upping its exports.

The leading Mexican beers (besides Moctezuma brands there Cervecería Modelo's *Corona* and *Negra Modelo* and Cervecería Cuauhtemoc's *Carta Blanca* and *Bohemia*—not to mention the masterful dark *Leon* beer from Yucatán) are already savored and respected by the carriage trade abroad. All of these companies are expanding their production as fast as they can without sacrificing the quality of their product so as to meet the increasing foreign demand, but also—and more immediate—to take care of the astonishing local thirst.

Mexican beer is not only good, it is cheap too—costing from 3 to 6 cents (U.S.) at the corner grocery store. It has therefore become an across-the-board drink in Mexico, quaffed by peon and tycoon.

With local consumption increasing by leaps and bounds (50% in the past six years)

Mexican brewers can count on a bright future even if they completely halted exporting for foreign consumption... a fate we hope never befalls our U.S. readers.

amigos

In keeping with the spirit of the whole thing, the Ninth General Assembly of the International Good Neighbor Council, just concluded, was held in both Ciudad Juárez and El Paso, Tex., with delegates freely moving back and forth across the International Bridge to attend sessions and take care of the business at hand.

Protocol was balanced out to the finest detail. Each major speaker had his exact counterpart from the other side of the border: viz., the governor of Texas shared the keynoting job with the governor of Chihuahua; delegates were welcomed by both the mayor of Juárez and the mayor of El Paso.

turnabout

American residents in Mexico gave diplomacy a new twist by demonstrating their artistic abilities in two art shows held at the Mexican-Northamerican Institute of Cultural Relations. Earl J. Wilson, Information Chief, U.S. Embassy, offered an exhibition of watercolors and drawings executed during his trips around the world and more recently of Mexico. This was followed by a group show of Embassy employees' children which evidenced some fresh and vigorous talent, especially that of Elizabeth Sandvig.

the rains: curse...

The seemingly endless rains that sopped down over Mexico in recent weeks took a heavy toll in lives and property. Just how many died in wildly-swirling waters, how many fled their homes and watched at a distance as the floods dissolved them, how many ready-to-harvest crops floated away as farmers helplessly looked on...all this has not been added up yet.

...or blessing?

But while the deluges caused many an individual calamity, they brought a sense of well-being to the nation as a whole.

For one thing, the abundant and persistent rains at last broke the back of the long drought, sinking down a ground moisture that farmers say will produce crops for another two years even if there isn't another drop of rain. Every dam in the country is full to the brim, mountain streams are flowing again, some of the country's great natural lakes are full for the first time in decades.

In sum: The immediate misery caused by the floods, most Mexicans feel, will eventually be overbalanced by the rain-brought benefits.

tv english

Teaching English over television has turned out to be a show business hit. Put on by the Mexican-Northamerican Institute of Cultural Relations, it goes on five nights a week over four channels. Mexicans who want to learn how to speak *American English*, snap on Prof. Agosto Leon on "Your Classes in English."

NATIONAL PANORAMA

The role of Nacional Financiera in promoting a stable Mexican stock market was discussed by NF's director, Lic. José Hernández Delgado, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the Mexico City Stock Exchange in late September.

Reviewing just how important a healthy stock market is against the background of world concern over the level of savings—not only in industrial companies but more so in underdeveloped nations—to combat inflation and move forward with urgently-needed economic development, the Financiera director made these points:

Low savings in countries like Mexico are the result of general poverty and high con-

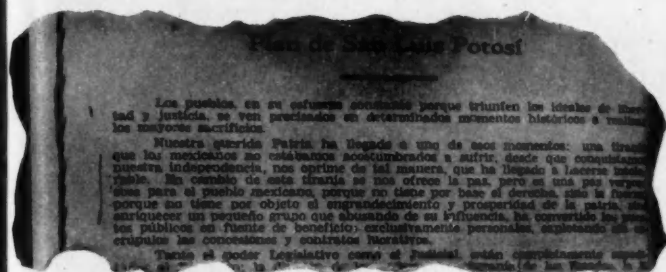
sumption in the middle and upper income classes. Increased savings can be encouraged among the latter groups, but we need to know more about the savings habits and preferences of different social and occupational segments.

Securities with new and different features have been introduced in Mexico, such as shares in investment companies, industrial bonds with added profit-sharing features, and recently Pemex's "constant purchasing power" bonds; industrial bonds convertible to stocks will be issued soon. Also, Nacional Financiera has floated several issues of participation certificates, which can be cashed in practically on demand and at par; these highly liquid securities have attracted new savings and through the investments made possible by the funds raised have helped push the economic development of Mexico and made the economy sounder. In May,

1956, Nacional Financiera introduced the certificate of industrial coproprietorship.

Promoters are finding it necessary to raise capital through selling shares to the public and through an active stock market; new funds may be raised while at the same time the small investor may enjoy an income by negotiating his shares or coupons on the market. Nacional Financiera has been especially interested in selling to the small investor packages of stocks which assure a regular dividend.

Nacional Financiera has diversified its sources of funds for financing industry and now raises about 20% of the total (8,361 million pesos) from its security issues, so that most of its resources come from its capital and reserves, direct credits from abroad, contingent liabilities and trust funds. These resources have gone into basic investments that have opened up many new productive opportunities in the private sector.



The Plan de San Luis—a declaration of Liberal Party principles—was the cornerstone of modern Mexico's Constitution and political thinking. It was drawn up by such leaders as the Flores Magón brothers (above).

in November

The Revolution of 1910-20 is to Mexico what the revolution of '17 is to Russia: the charter, dogma, and dynamo of its national life.

This fact, clearly understood, is the key to what makes modern Mexico tick. Clearly means, however, that it is a Revolution of its own kind, propelled by its own forces, shaped constantly by its own thinking and national needs. Hence, if you try to measure

Mexico by U.S. conventions and objectives, confusion multiplied is the result; it is another world. Neither can it be measured by the Russian pattern.

The most remarkably interesting result of this Revolution has been that it seems to have cut pathways through the jungles of problems typical of colonial and semi-colonial countries, so successfully overall, that now most of Latin America, and many other

countries elsewhere, facing similar problems to those that Mexico has already grappled with, study its course of action and philosophies very carefully.

Thus Mexico has not only pulled herself up by her own bootstraps, and with enormous effort and sacrifice; she has also become a leader among nations seeking also, a free, humane, and productive solution to their conflicts.



Francisco I. Madero, son of a great aristocratic family, titular head of the Liberal movement, was Mexico's first revolutionary President and, murdered in 1913, has become the revered apóstol of the Revolution which governs Mexico's policies today.

On November 20, Mexico celebrates the Day of the Revolution.

This is the anniversary of the Plan de San Luis, a declaration of principles that heralded the overturn of dictatorship and civil war, bringing the modern era of vigorous building of a new nation.

AN ARTIST by nature, the Huichol spends long hours contemplating the surrounding terrain whose rough contours isolate and inspire him, but offer few agricultural possibilities. Below, an intricately designed shoulder bag substantiates the fame of Huichol women as the most skillful embroiderers and weavers in the land.



huicholes

By Alfonso Soto Soría
as told to Virginia B. de García

The process of acculturation is reversed with the Huichol Indians; instead of taking up the customs of their more "civilized" neighbors, they usually *Huicholize* those who have more than passing contact with them.

Two basic facts about the group explain this. First, the Huichol cannot conceive that any culture could be better than his own—a group superiority complex. This is why the Huichol men, who are great travelers, going to the Pacific Coast and even as far



GENERALLY UNKNOWN until their art forms and brilliant imagery brought them into prominence last year, the ethnically-compact Huichol Indians of the high Sierras west of Guadalajara are here revealed as a living people, with a living balance between the earth, the sky, and their art...

as Mexico City to work when crops are bad, always return to their *pueblos* to take up where they left off. And, usually, no matter where they are, they continue to wear their traditional costume—heavily embroidered long unbleached muslin tunics, several leather pouches slung over the shoulder and around the waist, a hat with colorful bits of paper or yarn balls and ribbons dangling from the brim, and lately pants, because a narrow-minded State Governor would allow no Indian into town without them.

Secondly, the Huicholes live in complete

(Continued on page 22)

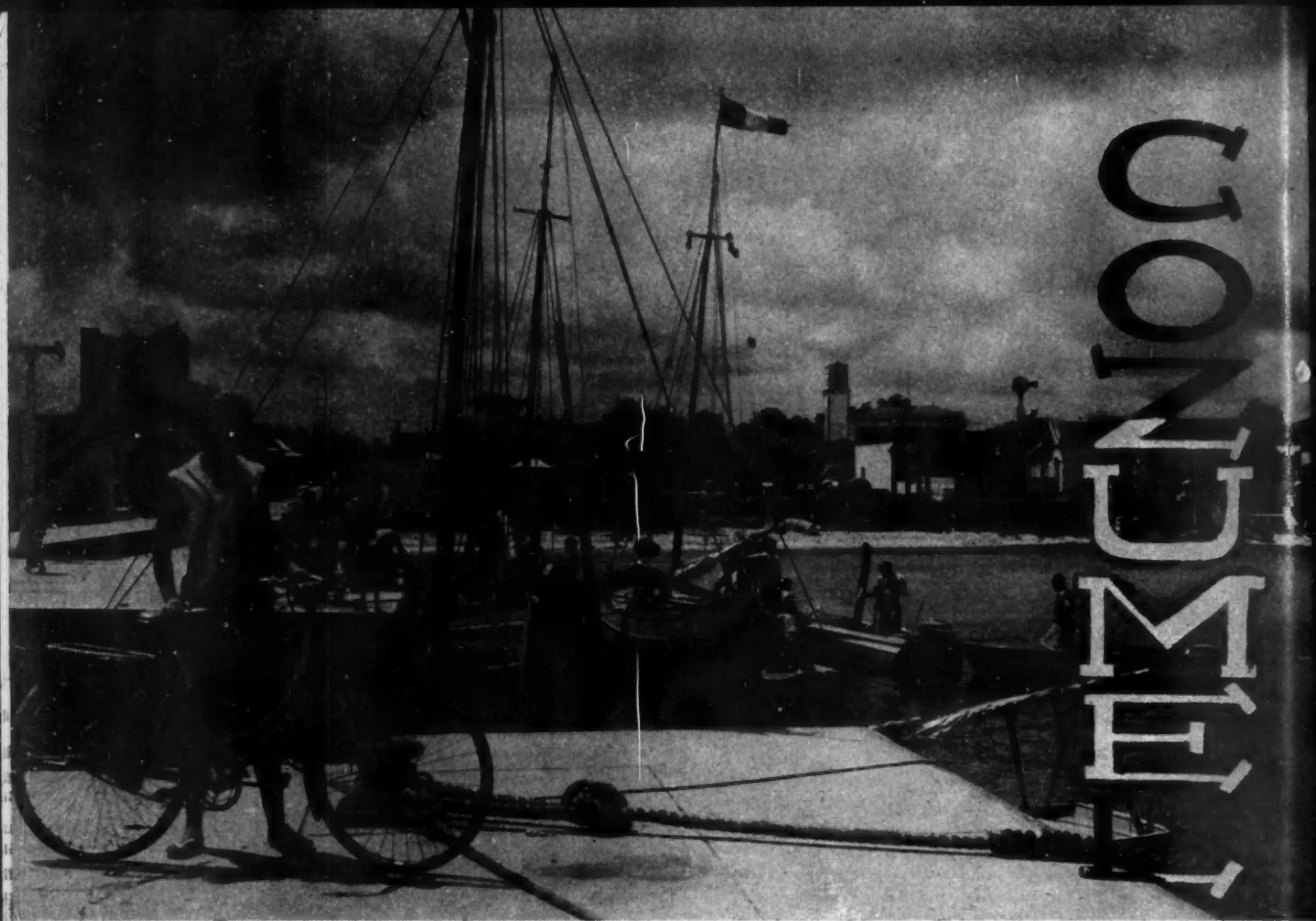
COMBINATION temple, city hall, and jail forms the religious and civic center in each village.





AGRICULTURE, RELIGION, AND THE ARTS, indissolubly united, are the three basic keys to Huichol life — the ancient pattern of Indian life in America. The everyday clothing of the peasant at the lower right repeats the symbolic designs used in fertility rituals such as those above. Note the ceremonial paint that adorns the face of the musician who accompanies such rites as the hypnotic peyote ceremony being danced at the upper right.





FIRST VISITORS to Cozumel were the Mayas. According to one school of thought, they made it their mecca. And well they might have, for this Caribbean island off the eastern-most coast of Mexico has ever since been a favorite stopping place for tourists who know a good thing when they see it. Pirates, too, liked Cozumel for its devious coastline and frequent coves, and the island echoes with tales of hidden gold.

by Carol Miller and Hazel Roberts

A twenty by eight mile morsel of land on the Caribbean side of Quintana Roo is possibly the oldest part of Mexico. Yet for tourists, it is still one of this country's "undiscovered" spots.

The island of Cozumel is thought by some experts to have been the mother land of the Mayas; by others to have been at least their mecca after they had already established their civilization on the mainland.

But ancient history to one side, the small island with its cove-dotted coastline, exquisite tropical climate, and friendly population is being marked down these days by knowledgeable tourists as one of the finest holiday spots in Mexico.

What it lacks in resort frills like night-clubs and swank hotels (a shortcoming, if you would call it that, that is soon to be corrected; grandiose plans for swank hotels

are rumored about, and one establishment is already under construction), Cozumel makes up for in rudimentary relaxation, basic diversions of swimming and fishing and the unhurried timelessness of all small islands.

The crystalline waters and pure white sands on the Cozumel coastline make the spot one of the world's finest for skin divers. Deep sea fishing is excellent, and there are plenty of sailboats for hire. For those who prefer solid land underfoot, the island offers some fascinating Maya ruins set in an exotic jungle growth of orchids and weird air plants. Most of the choice archeological sites, as well as the best beaches on the island, will be easier to reach when a new road, now under construction, is completed.

Tourist accommodations on Cozumel include economical and generally clean rooms in boarding houses in San Miguel de Cozumel (the island's only town); the Cozumel Beach Hotel, with an attractive swimming

pool, the smoothly-run inn called Mayalum, which is managed by New York exiles Ilya and Jan Chamberlain; and a bungalow hotel, as yet unnamed, with individual units having the last word in appointments, including luxurious closet space — which is nice but unnecessary in Cozumel since the wardrobe requirements are so informal and simple.

To get to Cozumel, you can pick up a boat from Mérida, Yucatán, but the sailing schedule is catch-as-catch-can. Most reliable, and quickest way to the island is via TAMSA airline out of Mérida, which flies a daily "mixed" (DC-3 carrying both passengers and freight) plane to Cozumel over the flat green disc of Yucatan jungle. Cost: around \$18 round trip, and the company will give you a refund on the return ticket in case you decide Cozumel is just the island you've been looking for all these years.

...treasurable island

a who's who of MEXICAN GHOSTS

No treasure hunter should sally, or even proceed, to X marks the spot, unequipped with at least a quick and handy knowledge of who's who among leading Mexican ghosts.

It is the custom here, as wherever the centuries may yet heave ho on a dead man's cask, for that shade to hover around, maybe to keep you out or perhaps to show you the way—and so finally settle down to a long-wanted rest.

This common or graveyard, variety of ghost is identifiable by his light: flickering blue. He (or shel) wears the clothes of the time and place where death took over. For example, a plumed helmet and leathern hose, along with cavalier boots, is a very familiar costume among treasure-guarding ghosts. The ladies wear skirts, of course; voluminous and velvet, albeit transparent to be sure.

The more distinctive ghosts, which play the field, so to speak, are ancient creatures who've been around in America long before Spanish galleons, generally, but to their number has been added one or two dramatic personae of post-Conquest times, and even modern: Zapata on his white steed, for instance, who haunts the sugar fields of Morelos. He isn't regarded exactly as a ghost, however; he's just a superhuman man, who, though killed, is still around to guard and maybe someday lead his people again. The same idea obtains about the Tepoztlan, the ancient god, hero, and divine child of Tepoztlan, who appears and disappears in many forms: serpent, wind, thunderbolt, or ordinary little boy.

Much more horrendous are the naguales, human-headed birds, dating from centuries back, who are hostile spirits. They also take any form at will—sometimes a ram who butts you when you aren't looking... and so on. That's the general idea.

Then there's a head that rolls after you, bouncing like a ball, and stopping when you stop, but chasing along at your heels when you start again. And, from post-Spanish days, the Weeping Woman, an Indian girl betrayed by a conquistador, who killed her half-white children and herself, and haunts the land, especially along its rivers, ever since, crying in the night.

...and the TREASURES they guard

X MARKS THE SPOT

(Not to mention a few buckets of blood)

Editorial Note: Last year, to celebrate Dead Men's Day appropriately, we published in our November issue a map of treasures, lost, sunk, buried and legendary, put together from highly authentic information such as the famous Lieut. Rieseberg's sunken ship data, as well as old parchments in monastery libraries or secret drawers of grand old family chests. The issue, and an extra printing of maps, was sold out before you could say Robert Louis Stevenson! So herewith a fresh, up to date, still completer chart, and happy hunting, folks!

1. **THE GOLDEN GATE** caught fire and sunk off the coast of Manzanillo in 1862. A million dollar treasure is there somewhere—salt water bubbles mark the spot.

2. Neptune himself guards the treasure of the sunken **COLOMBIA**, just off Point Tasco, Baja California—five fathoms down.

3. \$2,000,000 went down with the **BUENO JESUS** in 1596 near Puerto Morelos, Yucatan; and bloodthirsty pirates, wet, lurk here.

4. A faultless steamer of the 1870's, **GOLDEN CITY**, nonetheless foundered in a terrific fog, taking with her an appetite-whetting \$500,000 treasure.

5. The **Graveyard of the Rio Grande**—so called because of the many shell-encrusted hulks of galleons resting here. A notable case—the **MARIE THERESE**, which went under with a lavish cargo of wines and champagnes, temptingly aging there still.

6. In the early days of the conquest, Spanish conquerors, guests at the **Hall of Moctezuma**, discourteously raided his treasure. Weighed down with gold, silver and precious stones, half the soldiers drowned in the large canal of the city, in an ensuing battle. Moctezuma's crew recovered part of the treasure—the rest remains in the canal with the bodies. Dig up Avenida Tacuba for this one.

7. **Cauahtemoc**, the last of the emperors, was a rich man. Cunning Cortes tortured him to gain access to his hidden treasure, but to no avail. (His secret left the world with him.)

8. **Quetzalcoatl** hid his treasure in his bath. The bath is in a town called Atepanamochco. Where is Atepanamochco? Ah.

9. **Chief Condoy**, jealous of his riches, ordered them moved into a burial cave during a battle, and sealed himself in to guard his treasure for eternity. The cave is in Oaxaca, near Atitlan, and Condoy was a powerful man. Beware!

10. **Tierra Desconocida**—the unknown land, where an American named Murphy was killed before he could exploit his mine. Unfortunately, the spot is *desconocida*, too.

11. **Pancho Villa**, in the revolutionary days, buried his loot near Torreón, Coahuila. The bulk of his treasure is said to lie directly under track nine of the Mexican Railway. Right in the yards.

12. **Tayopa**, a lost prospector's city, is reputed to be worth millions, dating back to the arrival of the Jesuits after the Conquest. It's somewhere in the Sierra Madre. A cinch.

13. In the hot jungles of **Cozumel**, there is an equally hot ghost city. A plane flying over this jungle disappeared from the skies. Others can always try.

14. **The Los Frailes Mine**, a good size treasure near Puebla was kept secret, and lost, to avoid paying taxes. Let that be a lesson.

15. **Marfil** is the silent ghost town of colonial silver boom days. Get your guides here.

16. **The Sierra Madre Occidental** is 2700 miles worth of tempting natural treasures. Equipment necessary: Geiger counter, pick and shovel and a strong pair of hiking boots. A portable radio might be okay to while away lonely sunsets.

17. **La Escondida** is a cave of treasures, near Nuevo Leon. Silver, pirated on the way to the ocean for shipment to Spain, was mortared into this cave with a mixture of stones and bones (some human, they say.) You'll know it by the blue light.

18. A **Guanajuato** legend has it that there is a rich city in these mountains, hidden and guarded by a ghostly lovely. If the treasure hunter attracts her, she will unearth the treasure for him.

19. It's a well known fact that **Xochimilco** has a wealth of trees. In one of these trees there is a wealth of wealth, hidden away in revolutionary days. The only question is, which tree?

20. **Digging in the D. F.**, at the street of José María Izazaga, a ditchdigger and an engineer recently found a box of loot goodies—jewels and gold, mostly. In Mexico this happens still, and even often. Be sure to wire for reservations.





2-



11-

Pancho Villa's loot



16-

Serra Madre Occidental



4-

Baja California The Golden City

Gulf of California



15-Marfil, a ghost town

Compiled
by
experts
and
drawn
for
Mexico/this month

Nov. 1958

by
Vladimir
and
BARTOLI

2-
Manzanillo
The Golden Gate



X MANANILLO

7-



Treasure of Cuernavaca

Pacific Ocean

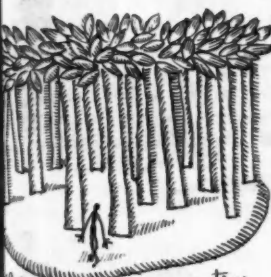
Our Handy Map to Mexico's Buried Sunk Legendary And Ghost-guarded Treasures



17.- La Escondida, a cave



6.- Treasure of Moctezuma



18.- Xochimilco, treasure in a tree



14.- Los Hornos Mine.

OAXACA



9.- Oaxaca Condesa treasure



12.- Tayopa, lost ci



5- Graveyard of the Ru Grande

Gulf of Mexico



10.- Tierra Desconocida



3.- Puerto Morelos, the Queen's tomb



Cozumel jungle, lost city.

4850
9640
5

PIECES

of EIGHT

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

Treasure Island

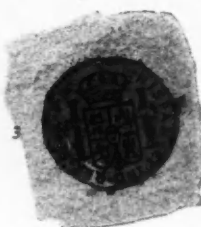
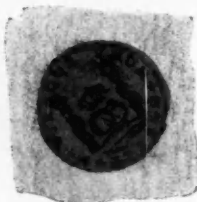
by John Morris Ryan

"Cap'n Flint," the parrot in Robert Louis Stevenson's classic, was speaking of the Mexican coin that dominated four hundred years of trade and adventure, infiltrated strange lands in strange disguises and became the common currency of both the old and new worlds.

To understand why the *peso fuerte*, as it was called in Mexico, achieved such a profoundly influential position, you must consider the economics of the world back in the 15th century. Europe, which had been economically expanding at a great rate since the Crusades, had reached the end of her monetary rope. The supply of good coin had become completely inadequate, and the Italians who were Europe's first bankers came crashing down when they overextended credit. Europe went into a black century of depression.

Mexico's riches were ready to feed this money-hungry world. More than 18,000 tons of silver made up the first great flood. European ports and market towns again bustled with activity. The heavily-laden plate fleet, sailing yearly east, supplied 90% of Europe's coinage. While English rovers sailed the Spanish Main with letters of marque from the Virgin Queen, in search of the good silver coins which were the very life of trade, the piece of eight *reales* spread even farther through peaceful channels. As the *ryal*, it became the standard for Arabia; disguised as the *thaler*, for the German Empire and Abyssinia. When John Avery, alias "Long

SOME OF THE MORE FAMOUS OF THE EARLY PIECES OF EIGHT are shown in the rubbings grouped around this page. The two oddly-shaped ones at the top, called "Maquiquinas", date back to 1739; two pieces in the center are early Spanish coins made of Mexican silver, with the prominent initials on the one at the right representing the name of the minter; below, (4) is a Phillip V piece of eight, and (5) is a later one, honoring to Carlos the Fourth.



Ben, the Perfect Pirate," captured a treasure ship of the Mogul Empire and retired to rule his pirate kingdom in Madagascar, his loot was the daughter of the Great Mughal and one hundred thousand pieces of eight. Even though the island kingdom of Japan was cut off from the rest of the world for three whole centuries, the *real de a ocho* still infiltrated and remained the country's monetary standard.

Flowing west from Acapulco, it appeared as the "dollar Mex" of the China trade and the Straits settlements and was current in Nepal before a European ever set foot in the kingdom behind the Himalayas.

In the American Colonies, the glamorous coin was first known as the "dollar," after another silver coin which had become a standard for weight and fineness in northern Europe in the 16th Century, the *thaler*.

Long after the booming European economy was flooded with Mexican silver, the English colonies in America were still money-starved.

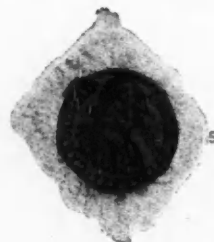
So harsh were English restrictions on Colonial trade that the words "free trader" and "smuggler" became synonymous. Terms of trade with England were so hard that shillings and pence needed in the Colonies for normal trade were drained away. Money substitutions were clumsy barterers of tobacco or grain, or the more portable—and potable—currency of jugs of whisky.

In the long fight for economic independence which led to the American Revolution, the piece of eight or "Spanish milled dollar" played a leading role. These eagerly sought-for coins flowed north from the Spanish Main by two distinct and completely illegal channels.

The first was through the ports of Providence and Boston, by the celebrated Triangular Trade in which, to quote a contemporary, "the saints of New England floated to prosperity on a sea of rum." At least 70 vessels engaged in this trade brought molasses from the West Indies to New England, where it was transformed into rum and carried to the west coast of Africa. There it was traded with Arabs or slave-raiding tribes of the seaboard for black ivory. Slaves were carried to the West Indian ports to be exchanged again for molasses; and the profits of the trade were carried north in the form of "Spanish milled dollars." The extent of this commerce can be judged by the fact that in 1750 there were around 30 flourishing rum distilleries operating in Rhode Island and more than 60 in Massachusetts.

The other route was piracy. The colonists were forced by economic necessity to trade with smugglers and some, like John Hancock, "prince of smugglers," had become the richest and most respected men of their times. When people are accustomed to trading with

(Continued on page 24)



Lunar Logistics are being juggled by Cesar Balsa and his dreamer specialist, Matías Goeritz, who made us the photo montage below to illustrate Balsa's Moon Hotel, as well as one of his earth-bound projects, a model of the new El Presidente.

HOTEL ON THE MOON



"When the first hotel is built on the moon," said César Balsa the other day, "I'm going to build it. I'm all ready with the plans."

Balsa, a dark-haired young madman with clever eyes, is a rare combination of a dreamer and whiplash businessman. So when he says "hotel on the moon," he literally means it.

A Spaniard transplanted to Mexico some ten years ago, Balsa has in the past several years presented this country with other "wild ideas" which turned out to be money makers. A nightclub whose "floor show" is a waterfall — a real one. A hotel whose talking points are Dali drawings and Goeritz sculpture... and from one nightclub there has emerged a string of hotels — all successful.

Balsa came to Mexico from Barcelona with a good hotel and restaurant background and ideas on how to apply this experience to his dreams. But he didn't have much money. It

took him all of four years to scrape up the wherewithal to open a small, chic restaurant on Hamburgo street. Called the Focolare, it had ten tables to start with and César Balsa was its maitre d'hotel, chef, and main waiter. It flourished.

Balsa went on to open (with backing) the 100-thousand-dollar Jacaranda nightclub, which was so spectacularly successful that it repaid the investment within three months.

The Focolare, now a large smart patio place, together with the Jacaranda, were added recently to the Nacional Hotelera, a corporation under which Balsa later moved into his long-dreamed-of role as a tycoon of hotels. Five hotels are now either managed or owned by the Nacional Hotelera, although the biggest one of them — the 660-room Maria Isabel in Mexico City — has only been started and won't be ready for business until the spring of 1960. As it is, the Balsa empire

is worth an estimated 25-million dollars, El Presidente and the even newer Premier includes the Alfier Hotel, the spanking new Hotel all in Mexico City, not to mention another El Presidente in Acapulco.

Next on the Balsa list of work-in-progress is a nightclub in Acapulco — a nightclub like nothing else in this world. It was designed by Salvador Dali, and Dali went all out... and then some. The plan is a huge headless insect perched on a giant sea shell, sort of, and pulled by four smoking giraffes. Work on this weird structure is supposed to get under way in January, if Balsa can find 1) a construction company willing to take it on, and 2) the backers.

Dali's creation, he promises, will be "the Eighth Wonder of the World," which is right up Balsa's alley. But meantime, he has Matías Goeritz, a dreamer up to his own unlimited standards, at work on the hotel for the Moon.

TEPOZTLAN

... a serene little village not far from Cuernavaca, where the joys of simple living are yours, and at bargain prices, to boot.



by Herbert Joseph Mangham

Plodding through driving rain and fever-drenched jungles does not attract me, nor does sleeping on the ground or in flea-infested huts. But I do like to get out of the main stream of civilization on occasion, and sometimes I find it desirable, or even imperative, to live cheaply. I am quite willing to endure second class buses and the absence of running hot water and W.C.'s.

For sixteen years my favorite refuge has been Tepoztlán, Morelos. The fluctuations of the *peso* and the dollar make it difficult to compute costs exactly, but the average has been around a dollar a day for room and board. Additional expenses are light.

For that sum I get a small room with a comfortable bed, a table, one chair (not comfortable), and a small locker and three hooks to accommodate my clothing, most of which I have to leave in my baggage. This



DOMINATING Tepoztlán is the rambling 16th Century Convent of Santo Domingo, which is in the very center of the village tucked in a mountain pocket about 15 miles from Cuernavaca. Details of its stone carved doorway are seen at the left.



ONCE A FORTRESS, the roof of the convent in Tepoztlán is now a fine vantage point for visitors. The surrounding eroded mountains which form the backdrop for the "charreada", or rodeo, in the bottom photo, themselves resemble a ring of castle-fortresses. They figure in the Aztec myths that still make up a vital part of life in Tepoztlán.

asceticism is more than compensated for by the view of the garden that my window gives me from the time I first open my eyes in the morning until dark. Even after dark, the perfume of the coffee trees and roses keep the memory images alive. The prospect pleases in the moonlight, too—a dream-like vista of softly outlined forms with background music of drowsy bird chirpings.

The potency of the sun makes gardening a problem of cutting back rather than cultivation, especially in the rainy season. The rose bushes always threaten to take over the rest of the garden. Zinnias planted at the beginning of the rainy season sometimes reach a height of six feet (I wouldn't have believed it either) by the end of the summer, too much for beauty. They have to be cut down and replaced by something less prodigal. Weeds, paradoxically, are no problem.

The intermediate climate permits the growth of almost all tropical and temperate zone plants.

The 5,000-foot elevation raises Tepoztlán above the tropic heat but not high enough for the chill of Mexico City. Ordinarily when I close up my room at sunset it remains comfortable until bed time. The climate permits the use of the large porch for a dining and sitting room. The rising sun beats in so gratifyingly that the dogs and cats basking on the steps almost forget about breakfast. Suppertime sometimes brings a chill, but nothing that a *serape* cannot combat, or a becomingly fringed *rebozo* for the ladies. It puts zing into a moonlight walk. Scarcely half a dozen times a year is there a storm severe enough to chase everybody into the kitchen.

(Continued on page 24)



the arts

FILMS



1.

In *Las Memorias de un Mexicano* history is repeated with the original characters in a series of newsreels bound together in proper sequence. Pancho Villa is the white sombreroed gentleman above.



2.

Mexico's Film Industry carried off her role as hostess to the International Film Festival held here last month with the dignity of a lady who has come of age. It served to remind us of some of the important pictures that Mexico has contributed to the world, and the people responsible for making them.

(2) *Santa*. First Mexican talkie produced by Antonio Moreno in 1930, and starring Lupita Tovar, Juan José Martínez Casado and Carlos Orellana.

(3) *María Candelaria*. Classic and romantic film that launched the writer-director-photographer team of Mauricio Magdaleno, Indio Fernández and Gabriel Figueroa. Dolores del Río and Pedro Armendáriz were perfectly cast as the unfortunate Indian lovers.

(4) *Allá en el Rancho Grande*. Mexico's cowboy, the singing, swaggering *charro*, was immortalized by Tito Guizar, Esther Fernández and Carlos López Chafán in this original of the *ranchero* pictures.

(5) *Enamorada*. This movie couldn't go wrong then, nor could it now with a combination like María Félix and Pedro Armendáriz unleashed before the talented camera eye of Gabriel Figueroa.

(6) *Los Olvidados*. Mexico's answer to Italy's "Bicycle Thief" in a stark portrayal of youth and poverty skillfully directed by Luis Buñuel.

(7) *Torero*. The triumphs, fears and frustrations of a bullfighter presented in documentary form and starring real life *torero* Luis Procuna with fine action shots of Carlos Arruza and Manolete.

3.



4.



5.



6.

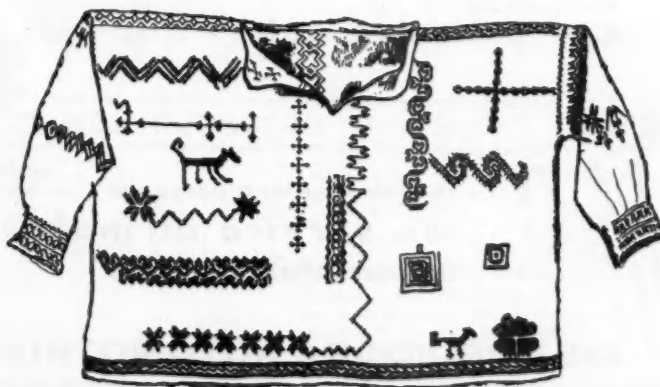




FAVORITE, IF UNUSUAL, MEDIUM OF HUICHOL ART IS YARN, woven into tapestries, strung on wooden frames, or pasted to a hard surface. The deep symbolism of Huichol art is shown in the colorful "tablilla" below, in which ritual animal figures are reproduced in yarn. At the left is a sketch of one of the cross-shaped "Eyes of God" made as prayer offerings. Characteristic of the visual art of the Huicholes is the way they use it in everyday life. Some of the most expressive art forms are their careful embroidery designs, as on the blouse at the lower right, sketched from the collection of the Popular Arts Museum. At lower left is an enlarged detail of an example of the symbolic design always used by the Huicholes in their weavings.

of the huicholes

EMOTIONALLY FUSED IN HUICHOL CULTURE ARE RELIGION, THE ARTS, AND NATURAL PHENOMENA. The tribe's visual art is both functional and mystically symbolic, with favorite motifs (the deer, the scorpion, the serpent) reflecting ancient tribal beliefs, post-Conquest acquisitions, and strange visions heightened by peyote.



huicholes

(Continued from p. 11)

isolation, so when a Mexican rents their lands or loves and marries one of their ladies, he finds the tribe closer than his own kind.

The easy way to get to the Huichol country area is by air one hour and twenty minutes from Guadalajara in a small plane with a smart pilot who can find the postage stamp clearings that serve as landing fields. By land, it's a wide circle route, to Jerez, Zacatecas, from there by bus over a beat-up trail to Villa Guerrero, where you hire horses and guides for a two-day trip through lonely mountains.

The Huicholes are not inhospitable; in fact, they supply a visitor with all necessities—lodging in a temple community house (when they are all in use due to one of the frequent religious celebrations, they find him other lodgings), food if necessary, horses and guides. However, like most native groups they are uncommunicative until friendship is proven. I found this especially true of the women, who can rarely speak Spanish, although most of the men and children do.

But on one trip I took my wife, who is a dancer and was interested in learning some of the Huichol rhythms and steps. Then for the first time, women appeared from everywhere. Groups of them, with their children, would congregate in our living quarters just to sit and watch my wife. They organized a village dance for her and were delighted and amused when she did the *toro* dance

(a very stylized interpretation of a bullfight, where the woman carries a scarf to simulate a cape) with a shy Huichol man.

Before their art was "discovered," the Huicholes were objects of curiosity because they are one of the few remaining tribes of *peyote* users. In its purified form of mescaline, *peyote* has been used in controlled experiments to produce temporary schizophrenia, and Aldous Huxley's "The Doors of Perception" aroused great interest in this member of the cactus family.

The Huicholes, however, believe that the *peyote* is the votive bowl of their principal god, and if they don't make an annual pilgrimage—some 42 days on foot—to San Luis Potosí to get it, it won't rain the following year. Picked groups from each of the temples undertake the tiring march, usually in September.

After they return, preparations begin for the religious ceremony, particularly the killing of deer and the curing of great quantities of venison (the Huicholes have adopted .22 rifles instead of their ancient traps and bows and arrows, so deer are much scarcer now and they often have to make do with beef). The celebration usually takes place in December or January, and during this four or five-month period they subject themselves to many privations; at the same time eating the *peyote* they have brought back, which has the effect of reducing body needs to an absolute minimum.

They rarely eat *peyote* at any other time. No bad effects have been noted after a long period of practically pure *peyote* diet. In fact, the Huicholes consider *peyote* taken internally to be life-giving, and applied externally good for snake bites, burns, cuts and rheumatism.

Influenced by modern comforts, some of the Huichol teams occasionally make their pilgrimage to the *peyote* grounds by bus, but this is not considered to be as reverential, and also, they can't bring back as much as they can on foot with their mule teams.

Missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, working in the region off and on since the Conquest, have not found the Huicholes violently opposed to their efforts; they have just not been interested in a switch. The proselytizing has merely increased the Huichol pantheon of gods; they have added Christ, the Virgin Mary and a goodly number of saints to their own deities, treating them all with equal reverence.

Once, when I was in the Huichol village of Tuxpan during Easter Week, which the Huicholes celebrate, too—a new excuse for a fiesta is not to be denied either—I saw a good example of equality of treatment. Huichol gods are placed in miniature *equipales* (a sort of native throne made of thin strips of wood bound together with leather thongs). There in her *equipal* stood an unmistakable image of the Virgin Mary, and the Huicholes were industriously smearing her with ox blood, just as they do for their own gods.

The Huicholes are grouped in five villages which form a sort of confederation of independent units. The rulers are elected annually by the outgoing authorities and by the old men who have distinguished themselves in community service. The voting is secret and the elected candidate must take the job. Why the imperative? Because among the Huicholes, government officials are not paid even though they must dedicate all their time to the community. And, frequently, those elected have to be jailed and held without food before they accept the office. This forcibly creates a civic morality that is to be envied in more highly-developed centers.

Huichol notions about government are not new. When the anthropologist Lumholtz was preparing to pay his first visit to the tribe in 1892, the then Governor of Jalisco said with some puzzlement that the Huicholes... "wear their hair long and refuse to pay taxes to the government. Once in a while they come in here to Guadalajara to see me and sleep in the courtyard of the State building, which they seem to consider as their house."

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Travel

(A page dedicated especially to the American Society of travel agents, convening this month in New York.)



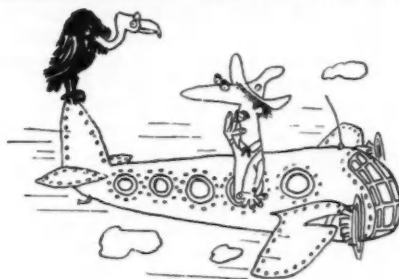
IMPROVISATION, one of Mexico's great virtues, was put to good use in the recent national floods. The homeless improvised transportation both above and below the water, and many social leaders improvised "canasta teas" and "fiestas tipicas" to aid flood victims.

NO OTHER MEANS of transportation, new or old, can out-class the rebozo; trouble is, it's only for kids.

A survey of modern transportation methods and types, as researched and reported by Prof. Bartoli:



EL BURRO has always been, probably will always be, the most popular transportation in Mexico.



THE ERA OF AIR TRAVEL serves not only to get you quickly to your destination but also is dissolving certain prejudices and superstitions.



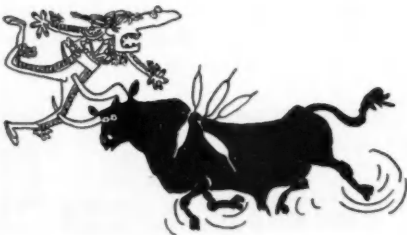
THE BICYCLE, as it is used down here, is more of a common carrier than anything else.



STEP UP — STEP DOWN — STEP UP — STEP DOWN. And please don't talk to the driver. Little things like that tend to disturb him.



LA VESPA (now very popular in Mexico) is guaranteed for years; we wouldn't guarantee the rider for ten minutes.



EL TORO — Probably the only means of transportation in Mexico that could be classed as more painful than the bus.



AMBULANCE: The fastest of all earthbound transports. Open for debate whether it is hurrying to keep you of this world or trying to rush you out of it.

TAXI-HUNTING: City authorities had the compassion to paint new taxis to resemble bare-fanged wild beasts, thus giving the footsore citizenry the illusion of big game hunting to liven up the often-hopeless task of finding a taxi during the rust hours.



TEPOZTLAN

(Continued from p. 19)

That is no ordeal. Any Mexican kitchen is a fascinating place, with the beautiful hand-formed earthenware hanging all over the walls, the baskets of provisions hanging from the rafters well above the dogs and cats, and the curious articles for the making of *tortillas*. The charcoal fires offer no defense against the storm's chill, but their glow has a psychological lift. You sit on a stump that has been smoothed and polished, and eat out of your lap. Insofar as your



Spanish allows, you join in the gossip and laughter.

Once in two months is not often enough to make the gossip monotonous. Highly colored and often malicious, ever expanding like a bowl of bread dough, it never flags throughout the day. Small town gossip in the United States is a pallid thing by comparison. The natives themselves say that nothing ever happens there, but the women will soon set you right. The men are no slouches at that, either. They commit their character assassination in the plaza and the tiny general stores that serve liquor in lieu of saloons.

The town has no power system, so most of the people use candles. My landlady uses a Coleman gasoline lamp, which gives a bright light, on the dining porch, and places a kerosene lamp in each bedroom. Other conveniences are a shower and a W.C., both rarities in the town.

She built six rooms onto her house to rent out. Most of the time I am the only guest from Monday to Friday. Weekends usually bring a half dozen from Mexico City. On the Christmas, Easter and government

holidays, so many people come in that a number of cots have to be set up. That is when I go to Mexico City, to escape the yelling and whining city brats.

The Indian children seldom yell or whine. The two dozen children in the neighborhood never bother. When I go out, I leave my doors open knowing that nothing will be touched. Occasionally one tiptoes in to watch my typewriter in action, but that cannot be called an interruption. The Indians call their children *angelitos*, little angels which is small exaggeration. With few exceptions.

After several hours at my typewriter, it requires planning to work in all the trips to the market, visiting with neighbors, fiestas, weddings, swimming at the dam, hikes into the country and to the nearby villages, and trips to Cuernavaca and Mexico City.

It all sounds idyllic, and it is; but the majority of people who think they would like to try such a life find themselves unequal to it. It requires adaptability and mental resourcefulness. The person who spends daily hours in front of his TV will find himself out of his depth, for here he has to search out his entertainment instead of choosing it off of a platter.

Flies and mosquitoes are not bad, but there are a few, and no screens to keep them out; and scorpions sometimes give one a start by sudden appearances on wall or floor.

The discovery of Tepoztlán as a weekend resort has created a mild real estate boom; a hotel has been opened and a new house is always under construction by some Mexico City owner. So the village's charm is losing something of its pristine character.

But there are many other villages that are pristine enough to suit any connoisseur. I have two alternate refuges. If I named them, they would cease to be refuges.

PIECES of eight

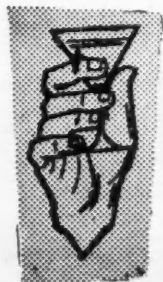
(Continued from p. 16)

smugglers, it might be difficult to distinguish between a smuggler and a pirate; in this way, New York and Philadelphia became the best pirate markets in the Western Hemisphere. New York, in fact, was regarded as headquarters for the "gentlemen of fortune," the "brothers of the coast" who plied the Spanish Main. For a generation, the Governor of New York himself master-minded Caribbean depredations.

Thus in 1792 (when the "dollar" was made the official currency of the new nation, it was merely official recognition that the *real de a ocho* had long been the American monetary standard. In the American West today, the identity of the silver dollar and the pieces of eight is still preserved in the language of the people. "Two bits," "four bits," and "six bits," as synonyms for twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents continue to reflect the old division of the *peso* into eight *reales*.



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These listings are made for the benefit of our readers and are not ads. All ads are clearly indicated as such.

day of the dead celebration

Where, and How to Get There.

Island of Janitzio, Pátzcuaro.

Bus, car or train to Pátzcuaro, lakeside village located between Morelia and Gua-

dalajara in the state of Michoacán. From there boats and guides are available to the island. Good hotels in Pátzcuaro.

Comitán, Chiapas

98 miles from the Guatemalan border and 37 miles from a beautiful lake district.

Bus, car or plane will take you there. Hotel Los Lagos is rated the best.

Yecapixtla, Morelos

May be reached by bus or car, but don't plan to stay there because it is an easy drive from Cuernavaca.

Other outstanding

Day of the Dead celebrations occur in Puebla, State of Puebla; Actopan, Veracruz; Oaxaca City, Oaxaca.



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American Embassy. Reforma and Lafragua. Tel. 46-94-00.

American Society, Lucerna 71. Tel. 46-46-20.

A. N. A. (Asociación Nacional Automovilística), Sullivan 51. Affiliated with A. A. A. Services both to members and non-members. Emergency phone number: 35-03-43.

Benjamín Franklin Library, Niza 53.

The Mexican Import-Export Assn., (A. N. I. E. R. M.), Isabel la Católica 38, for information regarding all goods made in Mexico.

Mexican-North American Cultural Institute, Hamburgo 115. Tel. 25-16-54, 25-16-55, 25-16-56.

Dirección General de Turismo, National Tourist Department, Juárez 89. General travel information.

PEMEX Travel Club, Juárez 89. Highway information. Publishes an excellent auto travel bulletin in English.

The NEWS, Morelos 58. Tel. 21-23-35, 46-69-04, 46-68-40. Worldwide coverage, U.S. columnists and comics.

Banco Nacional de Comercio Exterior, Venustiano Carranza 32, for general business information.

december fiestas

Where, and How to Get There.

The festivities honoring the Virgin of Guadalupe occupy almost as important a place on the Mexican religious calendar as those of the Christmas season. Pilgrims come from all over the Republic in order to be present at the Basílica in Mexico City when dawn lights December 12th. For those who can't journey to the capital there are individual celebrations in every nook and corner of the country.

La Paz, Baja California

Dec. 3

This drowsy fishing village comes alive to honor its patron saint, St. Francis Xavier. Plane.

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Dec. 4-12

Plane—although one reader (see Letters)
claims to have made by Volkswagen.
Ample accommodations for tourists.

Basilica to Guadalupe, Federal District.

Car bus or foot from Mexico City.

San Juan del Río, Querétaro

Celebration lasts until the 24th.

Three hours from Mexico City by bus or
car on recently opened highway.

Several hotels to choose from.

Oaxaca City, Oaxaca

Celebration also lasts until the 24th.

Journey by plane, train, car or bus.
Adequate and comfortable accommodations.

San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato

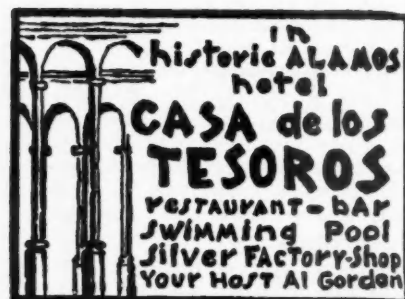
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December 16-24

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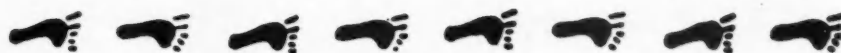
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IN THE SHOPS

christmas shopping



We subscribe to the idea that a gift should be a joy — in the giving and the receiving. With this in mind, we've canvassed the country from Yucatan to Tlaquepaque, and found a sackful of joys for this year's Christmas shopping spree.

If you are combining shopping with travel, do go off the beaten track to the places where these items are produced — they usually offer an attractive bit of local color. If not, shop at department stores and browse around curio shops in Mexico City.

Our list includes objects that are novel, artistic and functional — real finds:

From Patzcuaro — an amusing one-horned reindeer, fashioned out of a branch of white wood (jaboncillo), about a foot long. A gay Christmas decoration, and a good piece of design to boot.

Or a piece of regional pottery — a candy or jam dish of brown painted clay with line drawings of rigidly stylized fish and birds. Both items at the Museo del Arte Popular.

From assorted ranches — rustic candlesticks made of old branding irons, turned upside down to stand on the brand. The handle holds the candle, and an assortment of sizes makes the gift for an addict to the modern in decoration. At Weston's, on Reforma.

From Guanajuato — Tall wax candles, in fierce pink, intricately adorned with cut paper frosted with wax. These make lovely festive centerpieces. At Museo del Arte Popular.

From Oaxaca — A well-rounded lamp base of silver black clay, standing on a hoop of heavy, polished straw. An excellent modern design by any standards. Also, an angel of a candle stick. Just that — a primitive spread-winged angel, carrying a candle on its back. At the Museo again.

From the D. F. — A small picture frame of silver richly inlaid with tiny turquoises and corals. A frank copy of Aztec and Mayan jewelry, it is available at Sanborn's.

From Tlaquepaque and Texcoco too — ash-trays. The former features at generous shallow

dish of zinxtoned green with notches cut away for cigarettes. The latter, gay little ashtrays with clever sayings inscribed. At most curio shops.

Mexico City again — Squat handblown punch glasses, and/or a tall pitcher with taller swivel stick. The nicest shades are rich wine or ochre. These are at Sanborn's, Palacio de Hierro or the Carretones glass factory.

From the Porfirian era antiques. Beautifully worked filligree gold, seed pearls and corals in pin or bracelet make a very special jewelry gift. The prices are amazingly low. Check Monte de Piedad for these.

From Taxco and Cuernavaca — stark designs in silver mated with wood in cuff links and necklaces. At the numerous silver shops and sidewalk trays.

From MTM — a subscription to MTM, of course. Paper-backed, tri-color printed and chock full of information. Happy shopping to one and all!

Attractive modern rooms, suites, or bungalows. Semi-Olympic pool — golden year-'round climate — unforgettable view — trips to ancient ruins of Mitla and Monte Alban — Oaxaca City's colonial, charm — and . . . good food.



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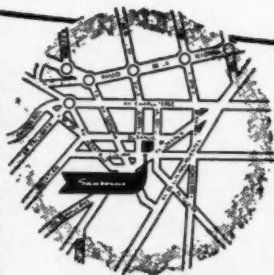
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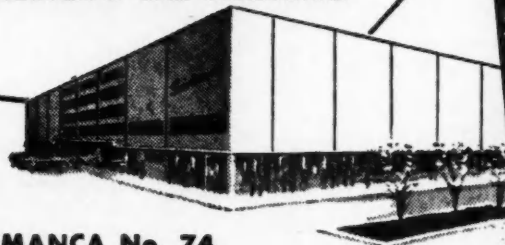


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- PASTRY
- TOBACCOS

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the Knife and Fork

by Joan López Bermúdez

Thanksgiving Day is not included in our list of "fiestas and spectacles" for November because it is indubitably a fiesta of the United States. However, the turkey that appears on the table is a Mexican with a new look, and therefore deserves recognition in this publication.

When the Spanish Conquerors first arrived on the scene in Mexico the then unsuspecting natives offered them turkeys and turkey eggs to eat. This strange bird which they



called *guajolote* had been partially domesticated by the Aztecs, and figured prominently in their lives as an article of token. Turkey raising, however, was a little hazardous in those days because if the chicks died it was considered an omen that an adulterous person had walked among them.

In 1519 the Spanish began sending *guajolotes*, or *pavos* as they called them, back to Spain and from there they were distributed throughout the rest of Europe. Why he was christened "turkey" has never been defined, but one theory is that the red wattles drooping on his face give the impression of a Turkish fez. The English had the idea for a long time that the bird came from Turkey so perhaps they gave him his name.

The original Mexican turkey was lean and long limbed, but the United States' breeders have wrought great changes in his appearance. Now he is a bosomy, short shanked creature who couldn't possibly fly, but is decidedly more succulent in the pot.

In Mexico the turkey looks almost the same as his aztec ancestor, and is still eaten all year round, but especially on Christmas Eve. Therefore the Indians begin arriving to the city with little bands of turkeys during the latter part of November. Maybe they



have stepped up the date a little with one eye to the "gringos", and their Thanksgiving Day. These turkeys are herded through the streets, flicked occasionally with a cloth whip when they wander astray, until all are sold sometime in December. This method of selling develops an athletic fowl, but not always a tender one.

During the last few years the American hybrid turkey has been imported into Mexico, and although rapidly gaining popularity is still too high-priced for the average household's food allowance.

Turkey with mole will probably always be the favorite Mexican method of preparation (See July's issue), but some deviate for the end of the year holidays by baking him with a chestnut stuffing. We like the following recipe:

Guajolote Salmagundi

Cook the giblets with salt and a few herbs until tender at which time you will cut them into

small pieces, and reserve the cooking stock. Also, chop celery, apples, onions, roasted chestnuts, truffles, dry bread, raisins or ingredients of the same ilk, and put them in a large bowl. The amount of course will depend on the size of the bird. Add chopped giblets and stock. If the mixture is too dry, moisten it with red wine.

Now, melt about a pound of butter, and bacon grease; add chopped onions, and with this anoint the already salted bird inside and out. Now he is ready to be stuffed.

The baking should be slow and the basting frequent with more melted butter and bacon grease. When almost done douse him with a bottle of ginger ale. He will be done when the wings are tender.



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